

THE ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XV

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1908.

NO. 39

PROCEEDINGS OF BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

Fix Tax Levy for Present Fiscal Year-- Award Contract for Stone Work on Court House

The San Mateo County Board of Supervisors met in regular mid-month session last Monday in Redwood City. All the members were present.

The tax levy for the present fiscal year was fixed as follows, and for comparison, last year's rates are also shown:

	1907	1908
Court house furnishings01
State fund	.44	.40
General fund	.25	.285
Court house fund (interest)	.03	.03
School fund	.23	.25
Salary fund	.13	.11
Indigent fund	.05	.045
Road fund (regular)	.30	.30
Road fund (special)	.20	.20
Interest fund	.01	.03
Total outside incorporated cities and towns	1.645	1.66
Total inside incorporated cities and towns	1.145	1.16
SPECIAL TAXES		
Half Moon Bay bond	.27	.25
Las Lomitas school bond	.14	.14
Sequoia Union High bond	.07	.05
San Mateo Union High maintenance	.15	.12
San Mateo Union High bond	.06	.05
San Mateo Union High maintenance	.12	.10
San Mateo school bonds, 1905 and 1908	.06	.10
San Bruno school bond	.10	.13
Sequoia Union High new bond	.04	.03
San Mateo new school bond	.06	.05
San Bruno Park bond	.26	.27

The general fund rate of \$0.285 on each \$100 includes 10 cents for court house purposes.

From the foregoing the following is the tax rate for each school district of the county:

Halfmoon Bay	1.91
Las Lomitas	2.00
San Bruno	1.93
San Bruno Park	1.93
San Mateo Outside	1.91
San Mateo Inside	1.41
Redwood City Outside	1.86
Redwood City Inside Including Municipal	3.105
Redwood City Annex	2.785
Millbrae	1.79
Laguna	1.81
Menlo Park	1.86
Ravenswood	1.86
Portola	1.86
Greenshirk	1.86
West Union	1.86
Belmont	1.86
All other Districts	1.66

The following apportionment of property of the Southern Pacific Company was made to the several townships and school districts:

ROAD DISTRICTS	
First Road District, First Township, 16.60 miles	\$355,943 00
Second Road District, Second Township, 6.00 miles	128,654 00
Third Road District, Third Township, 3.80 miles	81,481 00
SCHOOL DISTRICT	
Jefferson, 3.04 miles	\$ 65,185 00 Valuation
San Bruno, 3.56 miles	75,325 00 Valuation
San Bruno Park, 1.93 miles	41,384 00 Valuation
Millbrae, 3.57 miles	76,549 00 Valuation
San Mateo, 4.93 miles	105,711 00 Valuation
Belmont, 3.19 miles	68,401 00 Valuation
Visitation, 4.42 miles	94,775 00 Valuation
Redwood City, 3.76 miles	80,623 00 Valuation
Menlo Park, 2.40 miles	51,461 00 Valuation
Sequoia Union High, 9.35 miles	200,486 00 Valuation
San Mateo Union High, 8.81 miles	188,907 00 Valuation

"Work hard and you shall be paid—but not every Saturday night."
—David Warfield in the Music Master.

He might have added, "And save a part of what you get when you are paid."

Bank of South San Francisco
C. F. HAMSHER, Cashier

LOCAL HAPPENINGS TOLD IN BRIEF

Residents of South San Francisco are asked to furnish this office with any news items that they know of from time to time. There is a letter box attached to our front door, in which written items can be placed. Please write on one side of paper and sign your name to it. THE ENTERPRISE desires to print all the local happenings, and the people of South San Francisco can be of material help.

Mrs. Hogan has had her two-story residence on Grand Avenue newly painted white. The work was done by Messrs. Quinn and Seivers.

Mrs. Henry T. Rolff and baby are visiting South San Francisco, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Everett L. Woodman.

A purse was left at Mrs. Theodore Berlinger's house at the time of her bereavement. She has been unable to find the owner.

Mrs. O. Meyers and two children, of Jackson, Amador County, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Mahoney and family.

Grace Guild will give a social at Metropolitan Hall next Saturday evening, October 3d. All are urged to go and have a good time.

Just received direct from New York a fine assortment of children's and infants' wear. W. C. Schneider. *

At the Methodist Episcopal State Conference, held last week, Rev. Edwin D. Kizer was again appointed to take charge of St. Pauls church here during the coming year.

The Catholic ladies of South San Francisco will give a grand concert and bazaar at Metropolitan Hall on Saturday afternoon, October 24th, at 2 o'clock. General admission 10 cents, children 5 cents. Mrs. Pacheco has decorated a handsome silk quilt to be disposed of at the bazaar.

the Court House were received as follows: San Francisco Corncise Works, galvanized iron, \$4585; Guilfooy Corncise Company, copper, \$4566; galvanized iron, \$3397. Consideration of the bids was laid over until the next meeting of the board.

County Treasurer Chamberlain presented a report of the sale of property of deceased persons. The report was ordered filed.

The board allowed several overdue claims.

REPUBLICAN PRIMARIES

Republican primaries will be held throughout San Mateo county to-day. There are practically no contests in the various Townships, except in the First, where great interest centers as to who will elect delegates favorable to the nomination for Supervisor—J. Eikerenkotter, incumbent, of South San Francisco, or Henry Bauer of Colma.

BALL AT COLMA.

The Jolly Sixteen Whist Club is making preparations to give its third grand ball at Colma Hall, Colma, on Saturday evening, October 17th next. There will be union music. Admission 25 cents. A good time is assured all who attend. Last car will leave for San Francisco at 1:40 a. m.; for South San Francisco at 12:15 a. m.

Lost, on September 9, 1908, a lady's silk muffler, white silk crape, worked in peacock feathers. Good reward offered. Mrs. Atzuroth. *

Suits cleaned, pressed and repaired at E. W. Langenbach's. *

MODERN DEPOT FOR SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

It Will Be 30 x 108 Feet in Size and Built of Brick and Stone, with Concrete Floors

Hurrah, for South San Francisco! At last this city is to have a modern railroad passenger depot.

Ground was broken this week for concrete foundations for a modern passenger depot, which is to be built by the Southern Pacific Company at the foot of Grand Avenue on its north side.

The building will be 30 x 108 feet in dimensions and will be built of brick and stone. It will have concrete floors.

The various offices will be on one floor, as well as the baggage room.

The erection of this character of building goes to show that the Southern Pacific Company considers South San Francisco an important point on its main bay shore line.

Records show that this city is third in freight importance of the cities between San Francisco and Los Angeles, and third in importance in passenger traffic in San Mateo County.

The new depot will be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible.

VISITING MINISTER TO SPEAK SUNDAY

At the morning service of St. Pauls Methodist church the Rev. C. H. Kirkbride will occupy the pulpit. The Rev. Mr. Kirkbride has served many years in the ministry and should have a large hearing. The service begins at 11 a. m.

The newly returned pastor, Rev. Edwin D. Kizer, will speak at the evening service, commencing at 7:45. Everyone invited to attend.

Young people will find a cordial welcome at the Epworth Leaguers at 6:45 p. m.

A WOMAN'S CLUB TO ORGANIZE

There will be a meeting of the women of South San Francisco on Wednesday, September 30th, at Guild Hall, at Grand and Spruce Avenues, the purpose being to organize a women's improvement club. The promoters of the club state that when the club is organized it will use its influence in inducing residents to plant flowers and lawns on their premises and build better sidewalks. The club will give a bazaar in Metropolitan Hall in the near future at which a large band from San Francisco will give a free concert. Every woman in South San Francisco who has a desire to improve the appearance of this city is urged to be present.

THE EMPORIUM.

When the new Emporium building opens its doors to the public, October 1st, the pride with which all San Franciscans regarded the original edifice will be eclipsed by their pride in the present magnificent structure. The reopening of this great shopping place on a broader and more comprehensive basis than ever before, means much to the city of San Francisco; much, indeed, to the State of California. For it is not alone its vast size and architectural grandeur, in itself an ornament to any city, which gives it prominence; but the reputation of the company for integrity and fair dealing has assured it an enviable standing with the entire community of the State.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

An enjoyable surprise party was tendered Master Merriam Edwards, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Edwards, at his parents' residence on Miller Avenue, last Saturday afternoon, in honor of Merriam's eighth birthday. Seven little friends were present, as follows: Masters Elgin Patten, Robert Tracie, Claudius Moore, Joshua Maule, Joseph Mahoney, Claude Pike and Ulster Bisset. The afternoon's amusements consisted of games of all kinds, including musical chairs, marbles, etc. Several useful tokens were presented to Merriam by his young friends, after which refreshments were served.

Do you want to make some Christmas money? If you do, read ad. on page 5.

BASEBALL.

The Langenbachs will play the Millbraes at Millbrae to-morrow. The game will be called at 2:30 p. m.

Call and see the new Gingham, Percales, Galatea Cloth, Outing Flannels and Calicos just received at W. C. Schneider's, 227 Grand Avenue. *

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South San Francisco Railroad Time Table

BAY SHORE CUTOFF.

NORTHBOUND TRAINS LEAVE

6:13 A. M.
7:23 A. M.
7:43 A. M.
(Except Sunday)
8:03 A. M.
8:43 A. M.
(Except Sunday)
9:23 A. M.
10:08 A. M.
12:53 P. M.
3:01 P. M.
(Except Sunday)
5:23 P. M.
7:03 P. M.
7:13 P. M.

SOUTHBOUND TRAINS LEAVES

6:57 A. M.
8:37 A. M.
10:57 A. M.
11:57 A. M.
2:18 P. M.
3:37 P. M.
4:37 P. M.
5:57 P. M.
6:47 P. M.
12:02 P. M.
(Theatre Train)

SHUTTLE SERVICE

From San Francisco via Valencia Street and to San Francisco via Bay Shore Cutoff.

6:30 a. m.
(Except Sunday)
10:15 A. M.
(Sunday only)
11:50 A. M.
(Sunday only)
12:40 P. M.
(Except Sunday)
4:20 p. m.
6:20 p. m.
7:19 p. m.
(except Sunday)

From San Francisco via Bay Shore Cutoff and to San Francisco via Valencia Street.

5:50 a. m.
(except Sunday)
9:50 A. M.
(Sunday only)
10:20 A. M.
(Except Sunday)
11:35 A. M.
(Sunday only)
2:30 P. M.
5:25 p. m.
(except Sunday)
6:25 p. m.

POST OFFICE.

Post Office open from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Sundays, 8 A. M. to 9 A. M. Money order office open from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Mails leave Post Office thirty minutes before trains.

* NORTHBOUND DISPATCH.

11:30 A. M.
2:30 P. M.
6:00 P. M.

† SOUTHBOUND DISPATCH.

6:30 A. M.
11:00 A. M.
3:00 P. M.

* Mails from south arrive.

† Mails from north arrive.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

County Officials

Judge Superior Court..... G. H. Buck
Treasurer..... P. P. Chamberlain
Tax Collector..... C. L. McCracken
District Attorney..... J. J. Bullock
Assessor..... C. D. Hayward
County Clerk..... Joseph H. Nash
County Recorder..... John F. Johnston
Sheriff..... Robert Chatham
Auditor..... Henry Underhill
Superintendent of Schools..... Roy Cloud
Coroner and Public Adm..... Dr. H. G. Plymire
Surveyor..... James B. Neuman
Health Officer..... D. B. Plymire, M. D.

Officials—First Township

Supervisor..... Julius Ekerenkotter
Justice of the Peace..... A. McSweeney
Constable..... Bob Carroll
Postmaster..... E. E. Cunningham
School Trustees..... Tom Mason, Duray Smith

St. Pauls Methodist Episcopal Church

(Cor. Grand and Maple Aves., one block from Post Office.)

Regular Sunday services—Sermons at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School classes for all ages at 10:00 a. m. Epworth League of C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer service Wednesday at 8 p. m. The public is made cordially welcome at all our services.

"A home-like church."

EDWIN D. KIZER, Pastor.

INSIDE A SUBMARINE

You Are Greeted by a Deafening, Ear Splitting Racket.

WORSE THAN A BOILER SHOP.

To Make Yourself Heard at All You Must Shout Into the Ear of a Companion—The Economy of Space and the Simplicity of Arrangements.

Climbing down ten rungs of an iron ladder into the interior of a submarine is like going into a boiler shop where there is one continuous, deafening, ear splitting racket like a dozen trip hammers chattering a tattoo amid a grind and rumble and thump of machinery as if especially designed to burst your eardrums.

At first the noise in that narrowly confined space is painful and bewildering. To make yourself at all heard you must shout into the ear of a companion. So intense is the strain, says a writer in St. Nicholas, that you marvel how day in and day out human ears can withstand the ordeal.

You find yourself inside what seems an enormous steel cigar painted a neat pearl gray, a color which is serviceable and does not dazzle the eye. Light comes to you partly through portholes and in part from incandescent lamps placed fore and aft in the darker parts of the hull.

You have expected, of course, to land in a tangle of whirling machinery that fills the inside of the boat from stem to stern, threatening with every revolution to take an arm or a leg off. Instead the first thing you see is an uninterrupted "working space," or deck, measuring 7 by 25 or 30 feet.

At the stern, far in the background, are the machines and engines. In fact, this section of the vessel is nothing but machinery, a rumbling mass of silvery steel and glittering brass revolving at the rate of 500 times a minute, so compact that you wonder how the various parts can turn without conflicting or how it is possible for human hands to squeeze through the maze to oil the machinery.

But this economy of space is as nothing to what you will see. The floor you stand on is a cover for the cells of the storage batteries wherein is pent up the electricity with which your boat will propel herself when she runs submerged. The walls amidships and the space in the bow are gigantic ballast tanks to be filled with water that will these are tool boxes and hinged bunks for the crew to sleep in.

The four torpedoes, measuring sixteen feet three inches long, eighteen inches in diameter and weighing 1,500 pounds each, are lashed end for end in pairs at either side, and directly over these are tool boxes and hinged bunks for the crew to sleep in.

The very air which is taken along to keep life in you in case the boat should be detained beneath the surface longer than usual is compressed in a steel cylinder 2,000 pounds per square inch, a pressure so intense that were the cylinder to spring a leak no larger than a pin hole and were the tiny stream of escaping air to strike a human being it would penetrate him through and through and drill a hole through an inch thick board behind him.

And yet everything about the interior arrangements of this boat is so simple that you can see at a glance its purpose. Away forward, where the tip of the cigar comes to a point, are the two torpedo tubes out of which the gunner will send his deadly projectiles seething beneath the waters at the rate of 35 knots an hour against an unsuspecting hull.

Directly under the conning tower is a platform, three feet square and elevated three feet from the deck, upon which the captain stands, head and shoulders extending into the tower, so that while at his post he is visible to the crew only from the waist line down, and at the feet of the captain and on a level with his platform is stationed another of the officers, in charge of the wheel that controls the diving rudders and the gauges that register the angle of ascent and decline and show how deep the boat is down.

The two officers are in personal communication, so that in case of heart disease or other mishap either can jump to the other man's place.

Time to Wake.

Judge Wheaton A. Gray was once harangue by the prosecuting counsel on a warm day at the end of a long harangue by the prosecuting counsel he noticed one of the jurymen asleep. As soon as the argument was completed the judge addressed the jury in this peculiar manner: "Gentlemen of the jury, the prosecuting attorney has completed his argument. Wake up and listen to the instructions of the court."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A WAR TRAGEDY.

Pathetic Incident at the Siege of Port Hudson.

At the siege at Port Hudson, La., there was one gun commanded by Alphonso Dubreuil. He was a young sugar planter who had opposed secession, but maintained that if Louisiana seceded he would go with his state. Dr. Chatrand, his neighbor, was a violent secessionist, and Dubreuil and the doctor's daughter Amelia were lovers. Louisiana seceded. Alphonso raised a company and proved so brave a Confederate that the doctor, who had opposed his daughter's marriage, readily consented, and the pair were married.

His bride was accorded special permission to go into the bomb proofs of the fort, where in comparative safety she could be near her husband. There she saw him operating his enormous gun, but her heart was torn with fear for his safety. Suddenly she became excited by the noise of firing and, rushing out from her place of safety, was struck by a piece of shell and fell back lifeless. Dubreuil ran to her side, saw death in her face and went back bravely to his gun.

The next morning was beautiful, and the sun shone gloriously. There was cessation of hostilities that the dead might be buried. Thus engaged, a request came from the enemy to allow the body of a young lady to pass through our lines. It was granted. The little cortege came, preceded by a military band playing a mournful dirge, and halted at the outpost. The old musket box used as a bier was accompanied by two ladies and several officers. One of the latter, a handsome young fellow with long hair, walked calmly and slowly, but his face betrayed the greatest grief. A detail of Confederate privates acted as pallbearers. Our men uncovered their heads.

All were blindfolded and led through our lines to the steamboat. They bade a last adieu to the dead bride and returned blindfolded.

It was the saddest sight I ever saw.—G. N. Saussy in Spare Moments.

ASLEEP UNDER WATER.

One of the Funny Incidents Possible in a Diver's Life.

As showing how much at home a man may be today under water I may relate an amusing story. Some months ago while a great battleship was at Malta one of the seamen divers went down to clear her propeller from some flotsam that had become entangled, and he failed to come up. It chanced that the rest of the battleship's divers were ashore, and grave concern was felt on the ironclad for the missing worker. Signals by telephone and life line were sent below without avail. In the launch above the throb-throb of the air pump's cylinders went on, but the attendants looked at one another in dismay, fearing some strange tragedy deep down in those heaving green seas.

The worst was feared when some big brushes and other tools came floating to the surface, and thereupon the navigating lieutenant sent ashore an urgent message for one of the other divers. The man came on board, dressed immediately and went below, only to come up full of indignation.

"Why, that fellow's been asleep all this time!" he said wrathfully. It was true. The man had just had his lunch, and, finding the work much less serious than he had thought, he finished it in a few minutes and then sat comfortably on one of the giant blades of the battleship propeller and went to sleep with inquisitive fishes swarming around him, attracted by the dazzling searchlight on his breast. The officers were so amused at the occurrence that no punishment was inflicted on the lazy one.—St. Nicholas.

The Kind of Boy He Was.

That Marshall Field of Chicago knew how to wrest victory from defeat and make stepping stones of stumbling blocks is shown by the following story told of him by a friend:

When a boy young Field went to a great merchant and asked, "Do you want a boy?" "Nobody wants a boy," replied the merchant. "Do you need a boy?" the boy persisted, not at all abashed. "Nobody needs a boy," was the reply. But he would not give up. "Well, say, mister, do you have to have a boy?" "I think likely we do," replied the merchant, "and I rather think we will have to have a boy just like you."

Some Few Escaped.

"Oh, John," whimpered the wife as she seized the morning paper, "see what that editor has done with the account of our musicale! He has placed it alongside the column of death notices. It's a shame. And we had such prominent people as guests too."

"I suppose," said the husband wearily, "that the editor wishes to call attention to the fact that some people are more fortunate than others."—Bohemian Magazine.

E. E. Cunningham & Co.,

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To Manufacturers

The earthquake did but little damage to South San Francisco. The industries located here, the Western Meat Company, the Wool Pullery, the Butler Brick Company, the Pacific Jupiter Steel Company, the Steiger Pottery Works, the W. P. Fuller White Lead Works, and other enterprises, are all in full operation to-day. Not one of them having suffered any serious impairment by reason of the earthquake.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company planned South San Francisco as a manufacturing suburb of San Francisco. With that object in view they originally purchased 3500 acres of land in San Mateo county on the bay front five miles south of the City of San Francisco, and have developed their property so that to-day they possess perfected nearly every feature desired by manufacturers.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

Is a railroad terminal; it is on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad and accessible to all railroads; has deep water communication; owns and operates for its industries, a railroad connecting with the Southern Pacific and the water front; has electric street car service from factory to town and direct to San Francisco; has an Electric Light and Power Company; owns an independent water works, and has an abundance of fresh water for factory and house; has wharves and docks; a perfect sewerage system; a bank; a town hall; and a population of 3000 people; an extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

FACTORY SITES

Can be obtained from the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company on most reasonable terms.

The American Smelting and Refining Company recently purchased from this Company 200 acres of land and are on the ground to-day arranging for the immediate construction of a plant costing upward of \$5,000,000. This means a vast increase in population, and a great augmentation for the benefit of all industries of every detail pertaining to rail and water communication.

For Manufacturing Purposes South San Francisco Has No Equal on San Francisco Bay.

PARTIES DESIRING LOCATIONS SHOULD APPLY TO

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South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California.

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and
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PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

San Mateo County, - - - - - California

THE ENTERPRISE

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Three Months ".....50

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Office on Linden Avenue near Bank.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1908

THE JEFFERSONIAN RULE.

"Is he honest?" "Is he capable?"—Thomas Jefferson.

THE ROOSEVELTIAN RULE.

"Common honesty in public office counts beyond anything else. It is more important than regulating tariff, upholding parties or building navies.

Bosses may not know this, but the people do; and they are rising up over the country, to uphold the men who fight for them, in office or in party convention."

—Theodore Roosevelt.

THE Republican party stands for the most advanced sane reforms in government.

THE difference between Taft and Bryan is the difference between words and deeds.

BRYAN began bravely with a bold, aggressive campaign, but is already on the defensive, and will soon be in full retreat.

E. A. HAYES is the uncompromising advocate of white labor and an Anglo-Saxon civilization on the Pacific Coast, and against coolie labor and the civilization of Asia.

THE people of California will in November, by their votes, make the direct primary a part of the State Constitution, and it will then devolve upon the next Legislature to provide by statute for carrying the amendment into effect. It is of first importance to elect men who are sincerely in favor of this vital reform. The political conventions to meet here the coming week cannot be too careful in the selection of the Assemblyman.

THE promptness and the completeness with which U. S. Senator J. B. Foraker of Ohio, has been eliminated as a factor in this campaign by the National Republican Committee, is the best evidence that the Republican Party is in earnest in its stand for clean government and common honesty in public office. Foraker has been a great leader in the United States Senate, and a political power in his own State. He is a civil war veteran with an honorable record. Notwithstanding all this, Senator Foraker having been discredited, has been dropped from Republican councils and from participation in the campaign. Mr. Bryan would do well to drop Governor Haskell, for Haskell is more completely discredited than Foraker.

\$6.00 will buy a 7-jewel Elgin or Waltham watch at Schneider's. *

NEW BOARD OF CITY TRUSTEES SOON TO MEET

The incoming officers for the newly incorporated City of South San Francisco were sworn in by Judge A. McSweeney on Thursday last. The Trustees will hold their first meeting some evening next week to organize and select the various committees.

Attorney Henry Ward Brown will be present to see that the new administration is started legally and correct.

The names of the city officers are as follows: Trustees—Harry Edwards, A. Hynding, D. McSweeney, Thomas Hickey and H. Gaerdes; City Clerk, Thos. Mason; City Treasurer, C. L. Kauffmann; City Marshal, Henry W. Kneese.

It is understood that Judge McSweeney's court room will be used by the Trustees for meeting purposes and for the other city officers.

TAFT'S ELECTION PREDICTED BY GROVER CLEVELAND

Just before his death Mr. Cleveland planned the writing of three articles on the Presidential campaign of 1908. The first article was to be a general discussion of the political field, the issues and the men; the second was to deal with the issues developed by the conflict of the two parties, to appear in September; and the third was to deal with the doubtful States, this to be published shortly before the election. The first article was finished, and printed in the "New York Times" on August 30th, from which the two paragraphs following are extracts:

"Mr. Taft's excellence as a Federal Judge is not to be over-emphasized; his high ideals of honesty and justice are valuable and commendatory.—Grover Cleveland.

"When it became apparent that Mr. Taft would be the nominee of his party, that Mr. Hearst and his party would make a clean-cut effort for emplacement as a National factor and not to endeavor to gain any immediate advantage for themselves by any such process as fusion, in fact would seek to destroy Bryanism, or rather Mr. Bryan's hold on the Democratic party, not forcing the hold to relax, but by lessening that which he had to hold, conjecture as to the result in the November conclusions could be of but one sort among sensible men. With the several other parties disorganizing, redeveloping, and pro-creating, the Republican Party is certain, though with a considerably lessened strength, to move on to a safe victory sustained by the popular support of reforms which should not redound to its glory solely, those reforms having been the work of decent men of all parties.

—GROVER CLEVELAND.

HOULAHAN NOMINATED.

The Democratic Senatorial Convention met at Watsonville last Saturday and nominated James B. Houlahan for Joint Senator to represent the Twenty-ninth Senatorial District, comprising San Mateo and Santa Cruz Counties. Hall C. Ross is the Republican nominee for the same office.

Conventions Next Week.

Both Republican and Democratic Conventions will meet in this city next week—the Democratic on Monday and the Republican on Wednesday. There will be many strangers in town and every citizen should make it a point to see that they are hospitably received. This town is noted for its hospitality and its good name must be kept up. The South San Francisco Improvement Club will act as a reception committee and everything will be done to make the stay of the guests a pleasant one.

WEIGHT OF A HORSE.

Bad Guesses Made by Men Unskilled in Horsemanship.

Many people, even among those who frequently make use of horses, have little idea what an ordinary horse weighs and would have much difficulty to guess whether a given animal standing before their eyes weighed 500 or 1,500 pounds. Yet they would have no such difficulty with a man and probably be able to guess, especially if they were good Yankees, within ten or twenty pounds of his weight. The governments of Europe have long been purchasing and weighing horses for the military service and transferring them from carriage or draft employment to the various branches of cavalry and artillery. The animals are ordinarily assigned according to weight. The French military authorities find that an ordinary light carriage or riding horse, such as in the United States would be called a "good little buggy horse," weighs from 300 to 400 kilograms—say from 800 to 900 pounds. Such horses as these are assigned to the light cavalry corps. The next grade above, which in civil life passes as a "coupe horse," or carriage horse of medium weight; ranges in weight up to 480 kilograms, about 1,050 pounds. This horse goes to help mount the cavalry of the line.

Next come the fashionable "coach horses" of persons of luxury, which weigh from 500 to 580 kilograms, or from 1,000 to nearly 1,300 pounds. These horses go to serve the purpose of drill for the cavalry belonging to the reserve military forces. Above these there are still two grades of heavy horses. The first are those used for ordinary draft purposes and are commonly found drawing the omnibuses of Paris where such vehicles are still in use. These weigh from 1,100 to 1,500 pounds. The heaviest horses are the Clydesdales and Percherons, which are oxen in size and strength and which weigh from 600 to 800 and sometimes even up to 900 kilograms—that is, from 1,300 up to nearly 2,000 pounds. None of these Percherons of the heaviest weight are used in the military service, but some of the lighter ones are employed for draft and artillery purposes.—Buffalo Commercial.

AIDED HER RIVAL.

Romance of a London Society Leader and a Diamond Necklace.

The jewelers of Bond street could if they liked tell many an amazing story. There is no need to dilate on the fascination which scintillating gems exercise upon the feminine mind. That fascination is a fact and may serve to explain a mortal enmity which existed recently and probably still exists between two well known society leaders. To one of them a highly placed admirer mentioned his intention to purchase a diamond necklace. Knowing that the lady possessed more than a superficial knowledge of the value of stones, he begged her to select for him what he required. The price he was prepared to give was £1,500. The lady jumped to the conclusion that such a request could have but one meaning—viz, that she herself was to be the eventual recipient of the gift. She thereupon visited the jeweler's shop and inspected his stock, but at the price she was empowered to give saw nothing that particularly took her fancy. A fascinating piece of workmanship, however, did attract her, the price of which was 3,000 guineas. The desire to possess it became irresistible. She arranged with the jeweler to send the necklace to the purchaser and invoice it to him at the agreed upon price, while she gave her own check for the balance. Then she went home and awaited the arrival of the gift. Some days passed, but there was no appearance of the necklace. A horrible doubt which assailed her became certainty a day or two later when she saw the identical necklace she had helped to pay for sparkling on the neck of a younger and more beautiful rival.—Grand Magazine.

His Harmless Candidate.

A Georgia farmer posted this sign on his front gate:
"Candidates Will Pass On. No Time to Talk to 'Em."
One morning his little boy shouted from the garden walk:
"There's one o' them canderdates here, and he says he'll come in anyhow!"
The man looked toward the gate and said:
"Let him in. There's no harm in him. I know him. He's been runnin' ever since the war, jest to be a-runnin'." It runs in his blood, an' he can't help it!" —Atlanta Constitution.

The Contrary.

"I dropped some money in the market today," announced Mr. Wyss at the dinner table.
"Again?" exclaimed Mrs. Wyss reproachfully.
"No," replied Mr. Wyss mournfully; "a loss."—Judge's Library.

The Daring Pike.

The boldness of a pike is very extraordinary. I have seen one follow a bait within a foot of the spot where I have been standing, and the head keeper of Richmond park assured me that he was once washing his hand at the side of a boat in the great pond in that park when a pike made a dart at it and he had but just time to withdraw it.

A gentleman now residing in Weybridge, in Surrey, informed me that, walking one day by the side of the river Wey near that town, he saw a large pike in a shallow creek. He immediately pulled off his coat, tucked up his shirt sleeves and went into the water to intercept the return of the fish to the river and to endeavor to throw it upon the bank by getting his hands under it.

During this attempt the pike, finding he could not make his escape, seized one of the arms of the gentleman and lacerated it so much that the wound took a month to heal.—London Fishing Gazette.

He Caught O'Connell.

Daniel O'Connell, the famous orator, when taking a ride in the neighborhood of his house had occasion to ask an urchin to open a gate for him. The little fellow complied with much alacrity and looked up with such an honest pleasure at rendering the slight service that O'Connell said:

"When I see you again I'll give you sixpence."

Riding briskly on, he soon forgot the incident and fell to thinking of graver matters, when, after traveling some miles, he found his path obstructed by some fallen timber, which a boy was stoutly endeavoring to remove. On looking more closely he discovered it to be the same boy he had met in the morning.

"What!" cried he. "How do you come to be here now?"

"You said, sir, the next time you seen me you'd give me sixpence," said the little fellow, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

The Very Thing.

The old gentleman poked his nose in and out of the mysterious corners of the furniture shop.

"By the way," he said suddenly, "my daughter has just started to—er—have a young man come calling, and I suppose I really ought to get a pretty sofa for them to make love on."

"Most certainly, sir!" responded the suave shopman. "And here, I think, I have the very thing you need. It is called 'Cupid's Retreat' and is specially suited for courting couples."

"Specially suited?" repeated the old gentleman. "Well, what is its particular good point?"

"Why, sir, the particular good point is this—the pretty covering you see before you is guaranteed to wear off in just one year."

"And what on earth's the use of that?" asked the old gent.

"Why, sir, because it leaves displayed a card upon which are written the words, 'Time to get married!' Neat, isn't it?"—London Answers.

Queer Virginia Oysters.

But, sure enough, did you know there were some oysters, and Virginia oysters at that, which cannot live always under sheets of water? The seaside oyster does not grow in deep water, say over ten feet, and the most and best of them grow in water so shoal that it is dry ebb half the time. These latter are the most prolific seed bearers we have, but they will die if planted in deep water or in the Chesapeake bay. The inside or bay oyster should never ebb bare to thrive best. Singular, isn't it, that the Virginia oysters, one and the same bivalves, can lead a double life, but only one phase of it at a time! The seaside fellow must be out of water a good portion of his time to thrive, while the bay and river fellow will die in summer and freeze in winter if exposed to the air.—Virginia Citizen.

The Roast.

"To judge woman by her looks is to court error," said a well known woman. "I know a man who while carving at a dinner wished to say something that would please the pale, deep eyed, spirituelle girl at his side."

"How do you like Maeterlinck?" he at last inquired.

"Well done," she answered, not once lifting her eyes from the great roast he was working on.—Washington Post.

Missed It.

The prodigal son wrote the old man as follows: "I got religion the other day. Send me \$10." But the old man replied: "Religion is free. You got the wrong kind."

Boneless.

Captious Customer—I want a piece of meat without any bone, fat or gristle. Bewildered Butcher—Madam, I think you'd better have an egg—Sketch.

A Difficult Case.

A physician received late one evening a note from three of his fellow practitioners:

"Please step over to the club and join us at a rubber of whist."

"Emilie, dear," he said to his wife, "here I am called away again. It appears to be a difficult case—there are three other doctors on the spot already."

New.

"I want you," said the stage manager, "to play the part of a banker, and I want you to try to play it with a touch of originality."

"All right," responded Yorick Hamm, "I'll leave off the mutton chop whiskers."—Kansas City Journal.

A Sure Test.

The schoolmaster put to his class the question: "Two jars of gas, one containing nitrogen and one carbon dioxide, are given. How may the gases be discriminated?"

One eager little pupil said: "Get a man, and let him take a deep breath of both. When he gets the carbon dioxide he'll die. That's the way to tell."

The Enterprise is giving away money. See ad on page 5.

For Rent.—Two large furnished housekeeping rooms, with bath and lights, \$10 a month. 544 Baden Ave. *

One hundred dollars will be given away by The Enterprise for 100 new subscribers. See ad. on page 5.

POLITICAL CARDS

Election, Tuesday, November 3, 1908.

FOR SENATOR—

HALL C. ROSS

Republican Nominee from the 26th Senatorial District, composed of San Mateo and Santa Cruz Counties.

Election, Tuesday, November 3, 1908.

6 PAIRS WEAR MONTHS

SIX REASONS WHY

1st One Dollar keeps you supplied in SOX six months

2d Wear a different pair each day and six pairs will last six months.

3d Cheap as any other and wears six times as long.

4th By wearing BIG 6 SOX you SAVE MONEY.

5th Made to fit the feet. No Seams to hurt.

6th Comfort and happiness, your "soles" are satisfied.

Tell your friends the Six Reasons why you wear THE BIG 6 SOX..

W. C. SCHNEIDER
227 Grand Avenue
South San Francisco

A WALKING GALLOWS

The Horrible Deeds of Lieutenant Hepenstall.

HANGED MEN FROM HIS NECK

This Handsome but Brutal Giant of the Wicklow Militia Was the Most Cold Blooded and Eccentric Executioner That Has Ever Existed.

Among the examples and records of British tyranny during the terrible year 1798 there is none more extraordinary, according to a writer in an English magazine, than that of Lieutenant Edward Hepenstall, known by the nickname of "the walking gallows," for such he certainly was, literally and practically.

This notorious individual, who had been brought up as an apothecary in Dublin, obtained a commission in the Wicklow militia, in which he attained to the rank of lieutenant in 1795. He was a man of splendid physique, about six feet two inches in height and strong and broad in proportion. Referring to this handsome but brutal giant, Sir Jonah Barrington in his memoirs states:

"I knew him well and from his countenance should never have suspected him of cruelty, but so cold blooded and eccentric an executioner of the human race never yet existed."

At the outbreak of the sanguinary rebellion, when the common law was suspended and the stern martial variety flourished in its stead, Lieutenant Hepenstall hit upon the expedient of hanging on his own back persons whose physiognomies he considered characteristic of seditious tenets. At the present day the story seems almost incredible, but it is a notorious fact, revealed by the journalism of the period, that when rebels, either suspected or caught red handed, were brought before him Hepenstall would order the cord of a drum to be taken off and then, rigging up a running noose, would proceed to hang each in turn across his athletic shoulders until the victims had been slowly strangled to death, after which he would throw down his load and take up another.

The "walking gallows" was clearly both a new and simple plan and a mode of execution not nearly so tedious or painful as a Tyburn or Old Bailey hanging. It answered his majesty's service as well as two posts and a crowbar. When a rope was not at hand Hepenstall's own silk cravat, being softer than an ordinary halter, became a merciful substitute.

In pursuance of these benevolent intentions the lieutenant would frequently administer an anaesthetic to his trembling victim—in other words, he would first knock him silly with a blow. His garters then did the duty as handcuffs, and the cravat would be slipped over the condemned man's neck.

Whenever he had an unusually powerful victim to do with, Hepenstall took a pride in showing his own strength. With a dexterous lunge of his body the lieutenant used to draw up the poor devil's head as high as his own and then, when both were cheek by jowl, begin to trot about with his burden like a jolting cart horse until the rebel had no further solicitude about sublimity affairs. It was after one of these trotting executions, which had taken place in the barrack yard adjoining Stephen's green, that Hepenstall acquired the surname of "the walking gallows." He was invested with it by the gallery of Crow Street theater, Dublin.

At the trial of a rebel in that city the lieutenant, undergoing cross examination, admitted the aforementioned details of his method of hanging, and Lord Norbury, the presiding judge, warmly complimented him on his loyalty and assured him that he had been guilty of no act which was not natural to a zealous, loyal and efficient officer.

Lieutenant Hepenstall, however, did not long survive his hideous practice. He died in 1804. Owing to the odium in which he was universally held, the authorities arranged that his funeral should take place secretly, while a Dublin wit suggested that his tombstone would be suitably inscribed by the following epitaph:

Here lie the bones of Hepenstall,
Judge, jury, gallows, rope and all.

A Slight Difference.

The globe trotter was telling about the wonders of India.

"The scenery in some portions of the country," he said, with enthusiasm, "is incomparable. Far, far away, the mountains pile up toward the sky, and stretching off to them are beautiful valleys, while close at hand you can get in sight of a man eating tiger!"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted an eager listener, "but did you say inside of a man eating tiger or in sight of one?"—New York Press.

PARIS CABBIES.

The War of Words That Comes When They Block Each Other.

There is no more entertaining way to spend an idle hour in Paris than to get into a taxicab and instruct the driver to go along some street where you will be reasonably sure to get into a jam or to bump against another cab. The charm of the experience is, of course, enhanced by your ignorance of what the cabbies say.

Should your driver merely graze the wheels of another cab he will turn on his seat and yell mellifluously at the other driver, who in turn will shout back an assortment of vowels. But the best is a quarrel between two cabbies obstructing each other's way. The conversation, translated as nearly literally as is safe, goes in this wise:

"Sacred name! Why do you?"

"Holly blue! I do not!"

"Stomach on the ground! You have the face of an ox!"

"Blue stomach! Are you in chains?"

"A bas! Name of a dog!"

"Mon Dieu! Name of a pig!"

"Wow (or words to that effect)! Name of a name!"

"A thousand deaths! Name of a name of a name!"

Now you begin to expect some doings. While you have not fully understood, you are satisfied that nothing but pistols and knives will wipe out the insults.

Unfortunately about this time the jam is untangled and you are allowed to drive away, but the other driver yells after yours:

"Aha! You are a little piece of brown soap!"

It seems that this expression is the "fighting name" in Paris. Were it not that your cabby owes a duty to you and must convey you to your destination you know by his facial expression that he would climb down and get that other cabby and muss up the city with him.

He contents himself with turning about and making a face in the direction of his enemy and of going through the motion of spitting at him.

Then he says "Yoop!" to the horse, and the war is over.—Chicago Post.

THATCHING.

The Ancient Art in the Low Countries and in England.

Once upon a time two amateur botanists were hunting bog mosses on Exmoor, on the confines of the land of Lorna Doone. About the hour of luncheon they found that their enthusiasm had led them far afield, a good hour and a half from the farmhouse which they had made their temporary headquarters. The only place which yielded promise of food was a shepherd's shack half a mile distant, so thither they went. That the shack, or, rather, its owner, a small, wiry, dark man with curly hair, could offer nothing better than brown bread, which was woefully "clit," or heavy, and raw onions is neither here nor there. The point was that the roof of the shack was artistically thatched with layers of plaited reeds.

"Feyther taught I th' way to do un," explained the shepherd, with an upward jerk of his thumb toward the roof. "An' his feyther taught 'im avore that, an' his feyther avore that, an' back an' back twill nobody can think."

"A hereditary art evidently," said one of the moss hunters to his companion. "But I never saw thatches like these outside of the Low Countries. Safe bet that this fellow is of Dutch descent." Then he said to the man of Devon, "And what is your name, may I ask?"

"Well," replied the shepherd, "most folk call I Van, but ma right name be Henry Van Torp. They do say that ma gurt-grandfeyther were a-vitin' against England an' were took prisoner an' married a Devon girl an' settled 'ereabout"—he indicated the southward sweep of the moor—"but these be a lot of voolish tales to ma think in."—Craftsman.

A Town of Macs.

Scotsmen are remarkably successful as colonists. They are also very clanish. There are many prosperous settlements in Greater Britain where Caledonians largely predominate, but the names of these localities do not carry that fact on their face. Nobody, however, can be mistaken as to the prevailing nationality in "Macsville." This is a town in the Cobalt district of Nova Scotia. You will be perfectly safe in accosting anybody there thus: "I say, Mac."—London Chronicle.

Revenge!

"I," declared the popular author, "have signed an exclusive contract with one magazine."

"But now that you are famous," protested a friend, "other magazines will be writing for your work."

"And I shall decline their offers with thanks. I have even ordered some printed slips."—St. Louis Republic.

The Silver Rabbit.

There is a kind of rabbit which abounds in Lincolnshire, England, and is called the "silver rabbit." Its fur is of a delicate silvery gray. Although it is little prized in England, its skins are shipped in enormous numbers to different parts of Asia, especially Tartary and China, where the fur is considered the fittest thing for monarchs to wear. Only the richest can afford it there, so heavy is the price demanded.

kuggles—What horsepower is your new automobile? Ramage—Two, I guess. That's the horsepower it took to haul it to the repair shop when it broke down on a country road the other day.—Chicago Tribune.

In the Depths of the Sea.

The quantity of light emitted by many minute deep sea animals is so great as to supply over definite areas of the sea bottom a sufficient illumination to render visible the colors of the animals themselves. Some cephalopods are furnished with apparatus which reflects the light from their phosphorescent bodies upon the sea bottom over which they float. This reflecting apparatus is spoken of as "an efficient bullseye lantern for use in hunting through the abysmal darkness."

Great Britain has the longest coast line of any country in Europe. Italy, Russia and France come next in the order given.

All Bound.

A citizen of culture and poetic taste went to a public library and asked for Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." He was rather taken aback when the librarian replied, with great hauteur: "We don't keep any unbound books in this library."

As to a Courtship.

"He's telling everybody that she is his first love."

"And she?"

"She is confiding to a select few that he is her last chance."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The only real thing is to study how to rid life of lamentation and complaint.—Epictetus.

The Emporium

Announces the **OPENING** of its
NEW STORE
on Thursday, October 1st. 1908.

GOLD COIN GIVEN AWAY

BY THE ENTERPRISE FOR

New Subscribers

Anyone bringing or sending to THE ENTERPRISE the names of 100 Cash Yearly Subscribers at \$2.00 each will be given

\$100 in U. S. Gold Coin

Special Premiums

The first person bringing or sending the names of 100 Cash Yearly Subscribers will be given a Special Premium of \$10, in addition to the \$100.

The first person bringing or sending the names of 50 Cash Yearly Subscribers will be given a Special Premium of \$5, in addition to \$50.

Now is the opportunity to commence earning some Christmas money. This offer will continue until JANUARY 1, 1909.

This offer is open to all residents of San Mateo County, and especially to those living in the First Township, in which the towns of South San Francisco, San Bruno, Millbrae, Colma, Vista Grande, Hillcrest, Crocker Tract and Visitation are located.

For 90 Subscribers	.. \$90
For 80 Subscribers	.. 80
For 70 Subscribers	.. 70
For 60 Subscribers	.. 60
For 50 Subscribers	.. 50
For 40 Subscribers	.. 40
For 30 Subscribers	.. 30
For 20 Subscribers	.. 20
For 10 Subscribers	.. 10
For 5 Subscribers	.. 5

All names of new subscribers brought or sent to this office must be accompanied with two dollars for each yearly subscriber.

There will be no limit on the number of names of new subscribers to THE ENTERPRISE that any one person can send or bring to this office.

Address all communications to THE ENTERPRISE, South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California.

THE ROAD TO A MAN'S HEART.

By JENNIE LEE.

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Elizabeth Hardcastle Yorke of Richmond, Va., has moved to the exclusive town of Middleville. She was a widow of twenty-seven and was a descendant of the first families of Virginia, and never for a minute did she let you forget the deep blue of her blood, the devotion of her late lamented husband nor the amount of money she once had. Middleville turned up its nose figuratively when she settled in its midst, while the inhabitants did the same thing literally. Elizabeth's manner was too imperious for their northern independence; she laughed too much for a widow bowed in grief, and the fact that her old colored mammy called her "Miss Lizbeth" made them almost doubt whether a Mr. Yorke had ever existed.

The only thing which could be said in her favor was that she attended church regularly and contributed liberally to all the festivals. Such was the tolerant situation when the Rev. Dr. Botcher called to make his parochial visit.

"I'm so glad you came to see me," Elizabeth was saying. "I always did love ministers. They're so old-fashioned and queer."

The Rev. Dr. Botcher had been twirling his cane as an inspiration to starting an agreeable bit of conversation. At this speech he stopped twirling it and grasped its handle somewhat firmly.

"Really, do you?" was the sum total of his answer.

"Supper is just this minute ready, doctor," continued Elizabeth. "Lay down that foolish old cane and come in and have some of mammy's blueberry cakes. They'll just make you wish you never had to go home."

The man made some weak comment about not expecting to stay, but he was swept into the cool dining room and was eating cake and sipping iced tea before he could remonstrate.

"I really came to see about those flowers planted along the line of your lawn," began the doctor.

"Aren't they just too lovely?" chimed in Elizabeth. "My husband used to say I had a most artistic eye for color."

"Yes, they are pretty; but, you see, they are planted on the lawn that belongs to Mrs. Murray—over your line, you see."

"Yes, I believe she has been saying something to that effect," said the charming widow. "But I thought it was awfully nice of me to fix up her place so prettily even if it was encroachment. Don't you?"

"Well, I hadn't looked at it that way," agreed her divine company. "But really I must be going home, as we have prayer meeting tonight."

Mrs. Yorke bade her visitor good night and urged him to drop in again any time he was hungry for cakes. Elizabeth was smiling to herself with something of satisfaction when she heard footsteps on her porch. She went to the open door and met Mr. Murray, husband, and evidently the much lesser half of Mrs. Murray, her next door neighbor.

"How perfectly lovely of you to call, Mr. Murray!" exclaimed Elizabeth as she extended her hand to add to her cordial welcome.

"Er—yes—that is, I came over about that row of dahlias you planted over there on our"—

"Oh, that's all right," interrupted Elizabeth. "You're quite welcome to them. You see, I have so many, and I want my neighbors to enjoy some of them. But, dear me, do sit down and I'll call mammy to give us something to eat." And she disappeared, to return in a few minutes.

At her heels came the dear old mammy laden with a tray of raspberry shrub and a huge coconut cake that looked like a ball of snow.

Mr. Murray found himself seated before an old hickory table in an armchair eating cake and drinking the shrub. "Finding himself" may seem an inadequate explanation of how he got there, but that is what he told Mrs. Murray on his return home.

Mrs. Murray was watching the couple from the corner of her own veranda, and when Mr. Murray returned smacking his lips and Mrs. Murray noticed a flake of coconut on his vest she called him to account for his fruitless call.

Saturday noon found Elizabeth digging among her flowers. Her sweet voice was humming "Way Down In Carolina," and as she flitted from one rosebush to another she looked almost like some white spirit among the gardens of earth. Her task was interrupted by mammy.

"Miss Lizbeth, de town mayor done

call. Come right in, honey, and see what he want."

Elizabeth gathered up in her arms the roses she had been cutting for the house and walked around to the front of the cottage. The town mayor was good to look upon. The greatest compliment that Elizabeth could pay him was the silent comment she made to herself—that he did not look like the rest of Middleville.

"Is this Mrs. Yorke?" asked the man as she approached.

"It certainly is," acknowledged Elizabeth as she bowed before him. "And this is Mr.—Mayor—shall I call you?"

"My name is Waring," announced the mayor as he met the piercing gaze of the widow. "I came on a rather unpleasant errand. You see, I receive all the complaints of the townspeople, and Mrs. Murray, your neighbor, you know"—

"Isn't she a dear?" exclaimed Elizabeth. "Such a nice neighbor! But come along in to luncheon, for mammy's popovers will be spoiled if we stand here much longer."

Waring said he wasn't hungry.

"That's just the point," cried Elizabeth, with enthusiasm. "You will be if you come into the house the smell mammy's popovers, corn pudding and, best of all, ice cold mint juleps! Come right along and tell me your complaints at the table."

"But, Mrs. Yorke," interrupted Waring. "I couldn't think of imposing on a stranger in this way."

"Imposing!" echoed Elizabeth. "Lafayette! If you know how glad I am to have some one to eat with me!" She dropped into one chair at the table and motioned him to the other.

As a boy Waring had visited in the south and had never ceased talking about the corn pudding which even his mother could never make with any degree of success.

Mammy's corn pudding was the same kind as that which he had eaten in years gone by, and instead of the complaints of his townspeople the mayor told most interesting tales of his boyhood—how he had roamed from one state to another, how he loved the south and its people, how he had settled in Middleville and taken up polite farming to kill time and how the people had made him mayor.

Not until after luncheon, when the mayor and the widow were seated on the shady porch and Waring caught sight of Mrs. Murray leaning over the hedge of dahlias, did he remember why he was a guest of Mrs. Yorke. Believing in the eternal fitness of things, Waring realized that this was not the time to push his complaint, and he left after many hearty thanks and more complimentary speeches.

Sunday morning found the altar in the little church laden with dahlias—gorgeous red and white blossoms, hanging their heads in reverence to the text, taken from the twenty-third chapter of the Proverbs and the third verse, "Be not desirous of his dainties, seeing they are deceitful meat."

Waring attended church as part of the duties of his office, and this Sunday he walked home with his hostess of yesterday. He wanted to leave her at the gate, but Elizabeth protested.

"Do come in as an act of charity. You see, I've not been well, and our old home doctor ordered me to some quiet country place to rest up. So mammy and I landed here. But, oh, I'm just nearly dead with lonesomeness, although I do feel the change has done me good. Come along and have a bit of our fried chicken, won't you?"

He came that day, and he came again.

The women of Middleville were still skeptical of Mrs. Yorke, but in mixed debates the men stood up for her, and some of the married men went so far as to say disagreeable things to their wives.

The mayor was seldom at his office, he was seldom found at home, and the day came when he must be seen at once. Mr. Murray knew where to find him and hurried down the street toward Mrs. Yorke's little cottage. Just at the gate he met the Rev. Dr. Botcher, about to make his second call on the new parishioner. Together they walked down the broad lane. They were not disappointed. The widow and the mayor were on the porch together.

"We were just talking about you," exclaimed Elizabeth as she greeted the minister.

"Just in time," called out Waring, and the newcomers noted the blush that overspread the already pink cheeks of Elizabeth.

Mr. Murray lost no time in telling Waring what he wanted.

"But you know I resigned my office last week. You see, I'm going on a long trip," announced Waring.

"Trip!" echoed Dr. Botcher. "Surely you're not starting on another one of those lonely globe trotting trips of yours, Jack?"

"This one won't be lonesome, 'cause I'm going to take a wife along to cheer me up. That's what we were talking about, when you came along. How about a little wedding in the church, eh?"

They could not see the beaming face of Elizabeth, for her back was turned to them. She was busily engaged in spreading a white cloth over the hickory table in the corner of the porch, and mammy was making various trips back and forth to her own mysterious storehouse.

A Famous Poison Mystery.

England had a famous poison mystery in the last century. Two members of a great club in Manchester, both men of position and keen politicians, each received, apparently as a New Year's gift, small boxes containing a few cigars of the very highest quality apparently. Both were taken fearfully ill after smoking, and one of them subsequently died. The cigars were found to be loaded with poison, and it was said that the man who recovered only did so because he used a cigar holder. The facts were at first hushed up, because, as was said, the suspected sender, whose motive was revenge on account of a lady, was a man of wealth and power. But this subject was cleared, and the mystery was deepened by the following circumstances: A rich Manchester merchant, traveling one day in a railway car about the time of the incident related, got into conversation with a most agreeable and highly cultivated stranger, who finally offered his cigar case. The Manchester man was found at Leeds almost unconscious and the only occupant of the carriage. He grasped in one of his convulsed hands the cigar he had been smoking, and after analysis showed it to be identical with the others. He recovered, but the stranger was never discovered.

Easy Way to Be Generous.

In a church of a New England village was an old man who had all the Christian graces save one, and that was the grace of liberality. He would do anything in the world for the cause of religion but give up his money. At the close of the financial year 1869 the church found itself \$400 in debt. A church meeting was called, and it was voted to circulate a subscription paper on the spot and endeavor to thus raise the sum needed. This was done, and the old gentleman did not put his name on the paper. The result was rather disheartening, \$200 only having been pledged. Silence reigned for a moment, when one of the most generous men in the church moved that "we double our subscriptions." Instantly the old gentleman was on his feet and with extraordinary fervor cried, "I second the motion."

He evidently felt that he was thus doing his part in hastening a most desirable result.

Would Follow His Example.

After the battle of Prestonpans a witty Scottish farmer amused himself by writing a ballad upon it, which so stung one of the English officers, who had behaved very basely on the occasion, that he sent the poet a challenge to meet him at H. for mortal combat.

The second found the farmer busy with his hayfork and at once delivered the challenge of the redoubtable hero. The good natured farmer, turning toward him with the agricultural implement, coolly said:

"Gang awa' back to Mester Smith and tell him I hae nae time to come to H. to gie him satisfaction, but that if he likes to come here I'll tak' a look at him, and if I think I can fecht (fight) him I'll fecht him, and if I think I canna fecht him I'll just do as he did—I'll run away."

His Inspiration.

The negro brass band connected with the traveling troupe was blating a tune in its characteristic slap bang style in front of the theater when a dusky cornet player who had been sulking all day suddenly quit blowing and did not resume.

"Say, Mose," demanded the leader in the ensuing pause, "ain't yo' workin' any mo'?"

"Ah is w'en Ah gits de inspiration," retorted the sulky musician, throwing the whites of his eyes across at the leader.

"W'en am dat?"

"W'en Ah gits mah las' week's pay."—Kansas City Independent.

Conscientious About It.

"Mr. Glizzard," asked the caller, "are you carrying all the life insurance you can afford?"

"No," answered the man at the desk. "I can afford more, and I had expected to take out more, but from a note I got from my employer this morning I have begun to suspect that I'm carrying a good deal more than I am worth."—Chicago Tribune.

Forcing a Success.

"What is the name of your new novel?"

"The Dungeon." Good gloomy title, eh?"

"Yes. That name alone ought to get the book among the six best sellers."—Washington Herald.

ELECTION CALENDAR.

The attention of voters is called to the following general election calendar for 1908:

Time for filing nominations with the Secretary of State is: Party—Between September 4th and 24th. Independent—Between September 4th and 29th.; Time for filing with the County Clerk: Party—Between September 14th and October 3d. Independent—Between September 14th and October 3d. Time for filing with Clerks of other counties where county is part of district for some offices, County Clerk must certify certificate with clerks of such other counties comprising district October 7. County Clerk must send list of all nominations to chairman of County Committees of each party October 19. The last day to fill vacancies on State and County tickets is October 3.

The last day to withdraw from the ticket is October 3.

Appoint election officers and designate polling places not later than October 9th.

Publish names of election officers five times daily after October 27th, or twice weekly before day of election.

Before October 9th—Arrange registration affidavits for each precinct alphabetically and bind the same.

October 14th—Prepare index to affidavits for each precinct and have same printed.

October 24th—Publish proclamation for five days before this date.

October 24th—Commence the mailing of sample ballots, instruction to voters and constitutional amendments.

October 30—Finish mailing same.

November 3, 1908—Election day; polls open at 6 a. m. and close at 6 p. m.

November 9th—Supervisors will commence canvass of returns and continue daily until completed.

On the completion of canvass by the Supervisors, the clerk must enter results on records of board, issue certificates of election, send necessary abstracts to other County Clerks and Secretary of State, etc.

Religious Partnerships.

Two men formed a partnership for the prosecution of evangelistic work in Manhattan and Brooklyn. At the end of two months they separated, and each proceeded to reform the world in accordance with his own theories.

"I could have told you in the beginning," said an experienced church worker to one of the men, "that it was useless to form a partnership with anybody, but it seemed best to let you learn the futility of the plan for yourself. Of all partnerships that men can enter into the religious combination is usually most short lived. Earnest laborers in that field are particularly deep set in their convictions and are likely to resent advice. I have tried several such partnerships myself, and I have seen others try them, but none of the deals lasted long. Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey traveled together for a good many years, but with that exception most persons who combine to conduct a religious campaign, whether preachers or singers or both, soon become dissatisfied with each other's tactics and conclude that they can accomplish more by going it alone."—New York Times.

Nothing Liberal About It.

Wilkins—I understand you are giving your son a liberal education? Hobbs—Liberal! Not a bit of it! They don't give anything away at the college where he is. I have to pay for every plugy thing he gets.—Boston Transcript.

Thoughtfulness.

Mr. Saphedde—I like to be different from other people.

Miss Caustique—That is very considerate of you. I dare say the other people appreciate your thoughtfulness.—Philadelphia Record.

Sarcastic.

He—Look at this infernal bill. You know I can't afford it. Now, I'm going to give you a piece of my mind. She—Are you quite sure you can afford that, papa, dear?—London Opinion.

Economy may be the road to wealth, but a large number of people will refuse to travel it until the good roads movement has made it smoother.—Washington Herald.

A Doubtful Proposition.

"Should a man go to college after fifty?"

"Well, he might pass muster at tennis," answered the expert. "But a man can't expect to do much in baseball or football at that age."—Pittsburg Post.

FRATERNAL DIRECTORY

TIPPECANOE TRIBE No. 111, I. O. R. M., meets every Thursday evening at 8 p. m. in Metropolitan Hall. Visiting Bros. welcome.

G. A. Davids
Sachem.

Geo. E. Keissling, Keeper of Records.

SOUTH CITY AERIE No. 1473,

F. O. E., meets every Tuesday evening in Metropolitan Hall at 8 p. m. A. McSweeney, Worthy President. Harry Edwards, Secretary. Visiting brothers welcome.

WHITE EAGLE CIRCLE No

56, U. A. O. D., meets first and third Monday nights in Metropolitan Hall.

Mrs. M. Coblyn, Arch Druidess.

Miss J. Sands, Secretary.

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- AN - UNFINISHED PROPOSAL.

By C. B. LEWIS.

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When mothers put it the way they do we must sympathize with them more or less, especially when the mother is a widow. It isn't through any spirit of avarice that she would have her daughter marry rich. It is simply that the money may be in the house when the man comes around with the gas bill. It isn't because of snobbishness that she would prefer to be the mother-in-law of a duke rather than a commoner, but dukes are said never to call their mothers-in-law old cats.

It isn't from any desire to smash romances or break hearts that they lug the daughter of twenty off to Europe in hopes she will forget the man of twenty-five to fall in love with a suitor of sixty. It is that the dear girl may have a grandfather, a father and a husband all in one.

Such were the guiding principles of Mrs. Deland, relict of Judge Deland, and it is requested that a fair percent of the readers of this story become her partisans and give her a fair show.

Of course the daughter, Clara, had received the education given to all young girls whose fathers or mothers are able to pay for the same by the square foot, and she had arrived at the age of twenty without causing any particular worry to anybody when she met young Albert Lee. They called him young Lee because he was only twenty-two and because there was an old Lee, who was sixty.

Young Lee was still at college, and it was still an unsettled question as to what profession he would select to make his way through life. In an indefinitely definite way he had been paying his attentions to Miss Clara for several months before the widowed mother, with a woman's intuition, aroused herself to the realization that her lamb might be stolen away. Then, like a dutiful mother, she began making inquiries and scolding her daughter at the same time.

It did not take long to exhaust the schedule of inquiries. Young Lee was all right socially, and his sixty-year-old father would leave him a comfortable property when the reaper came, but there was no telling whether he would pass away at sixty-one or eighty-five.

It was long odds for a mother with a business head on her to take. She at once put her foot down, and of course it was the wrong foot. She began by criticising the suitor and ended by announcing that she would rather see her daughter in her grave.

There were arguments, protestations, tears. A girl who is beginning to feel the impulses of love may be argued or bulldozed into silence, but to convince her is quite another thing.

After a few minutes Clara had nothing further to say, and in her exuberance over her triumph the mother announced an early trip to Europe. Young Lee would not follow. The excitements and enjoyments of London, Paris and Berlin would quite drive him from the daughter's mind, and some day that daughter would kneel at the maternal feet and exclaim:

"Bless you, mamma, that you have caused me to forget that penniless young man and engaged me to the living remains of an ancient lord, duke or count!"

The living remains appeared in London. He was Lord Somebody or other. The only certain thing about his age was that he was over sixty. The only certain thing about his attentions to the daughter was that he believed the mother far richer than she was and that he had several mortgages on several ruined castles that he wished to repair.

After the first meeting, which came about through accident, milord was in evidence at brief intervals during the tour, lasting three months and more. He received all proper encouragement from the mother, and there were times when the daughter sat and looked at his dyed hair and false eyebrows and patted wrinkles and was amused.

In due time, which was a day or two before the ladies sailed for home, he made his proposal. It was first made to the mother, who received it smilingly; then to the daughter, who also smiled a little, but prevaricated by saying that she didn't know her own heart.

Milord was in duty bound, as gallant remains are, to say that he would give her time, and Clara looked back at London from the decks of the steamer and congratulated herself that this ended it all.

That was where she was just as

much mistaken as her mother had been. They had been home only four weeks when milord put in an appearance at the American manor house. It was no one's business but his own how he had managed to raise the cash for the trip. There are money lenders in London who will take long chances. His love had not grown cold with the departure of Miss Deland.

Just as the mother had figured on, young Lee had not followed the couple abroad. There are postoffices all over the civilized world, however, and a slangy girl might have said that it was a cold week when Clara didn't receive and answer a letter from a certain New England college town.

She may have even met young Lee after her return. They may have met and strolled on the broad highway leading to the village—just a little stroll and just a little talk. If so, the mother didn't know anything about it. Milord had arrived to renew his proposal, and not three days had passed when the mother wanted to know what the daughter's answer was to be.

"If he proposes to me again I shall accept him," was the prompt and unexpected reply.

No more arguments, no more protestations, no more tears. The mother simply threw her arms around her daughter and murmured that she was the sweetest, dearest daughter in the whole world and then went off to inform milord that he had a cinch. A cinch, it may be explained, means a good thing—you are the only iceman on the route.

Nothing has heretofore been said as to Miss Deland being the sole owner and chauffeur of an electric runabout, and even now the name of the maker will not be announced except at regular advertising rates.

When she realized that a second proposal from milord was inevitable, she chose her own ground to receive it. That is, she invited the living remains to take a trip with her over the highways. Had he been a young man of thirty he would have scented devilry in the air. Had he been a few years older he could not have managed to climb into the vehicle.

For the first mile of the trip he hung on with a death grip and said nothing. Then, as no calamity happened, he got over his scare a bit and proceeded to observe:

"My dear and charming Miss Deland, you remember that in London?"

The dear and charming one steered the vehicle over the humpy ground beside the track, and the bumps and bounces that followed kept milord in terror for the next five minutes. He had not been smashed up or thrown out, and he began again:

"I make no excuse for following you to America. As I told your dear mother in London?"

The electric started for the ditch, and Clara screamed, and for a few seconds there was every promise of a tragedy. Milord gasped a prayer and dug in his toes, and when the vehicle was once more in the straight and narrow path its conductress said:

"I think it was your talk that confused me, but I will do better henceforth. You were saying that you told or I told or mother or some one else told somebody something in London."

"Yes. Is it positively necessary, my dear Miss Deland, to drive this vehicle as if we were racing with a locomotive?"

"Oh, not at all, my lord. You were saying?"

"I was saying to your mother that I had met my ideal at last and that?"

This time the electric left the road and brushed the hazel bushes, and no man would have kept his nerve and made a marriage proposal then. Milord thought it was all over, and it was fully five minutes before he could swallow the lump in his throat and gasp out:

"My dear, if we were to take a slower pace I believe I should enjoy the ride more. I felt it my first duty to let your mother know what my feelings were toward you, and then?"

"Why, you don't call this fast going, do you?" interrupted the girl. "We have simply been lingering. I will now show you the speed I generally ride at."

She showed him. He figured it out that it was a thousand miles an hour, but of course it was only twenty. He needed encouragement to go on, and Miss Clara gave it to him by observing:

"Yes, you spoke to mamma, and then?"

"Then, my dear, I had the courage to?"

Away went the machine for a telegraph pole, and the living remains forgot his dignity and cried out in apprehension. He was gathering himself for a jump when the vehicle missed the pole by all of three-eighths of an inch and was gulped back into the road running on two wheels.

"You had the courage to—to?" queried Clara when things were going right again.

"Yes, my dear girl, I had the courage as well as the honor to ask for a private interview with you, and when it had been accorded I?"

At this point the runabout shot to the right, shot to the left, jumped ahead and then made a sudden sweep and headed for home. It came to a halt for just three seconds, but that was plenty of time for milord to tumble out and remark:

"The scenery is so beautiful here that I think I will walk back to the house."

"But when the private interview had been accorded?"

"Yes! Um! Yes, I think I will walk."

"Well?" asked the mother when the daughter reached home.

"He never proposed. He didn't half propose," was the answer, "and now if Mr. Lee calls and you like him half as well as I do?"

"Clara, you go to your room. Milord leaves tomorrow. You have frightened him out of America."

"Do you think the world is growing worse?"

"Dunno as 'tis," responded the old man. "They're tellin' the very fish stories I heard when I was a boy."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Had we not faults of our own we should take less pleasure in complaining of others.—Fenelon.

Jenny Lind and Goldschmidt.

When Jenny Lind first sang in Leipzig she appeared at a Gwandhaus concert under Mendelssohn's direction. Naturally there was a great demand for tickets, despite the fact that the prices were raised. It was therefore decided that the students of the conservatorium must waive their usual right to free admission to these concerts. But the students objected with vigor. They were as anxious as anybody to hear the "Swedish nightingale." A protest was made, and young Otto Goldschmidt, aged sixteen, was the student deputed by the others to interview the authorities. In the end he won the day. He little thought then that in half a dozen years he would be equally successful in winning the singer herself.

One Was Enough.

"Dad," said the white faced lad, "how many cigars does it take to hurt a boy?"

"How many have you smoked?"

"One."

"That's the number," said dad, and, taking down the strap from behind the door, he soon convinced the boy that he was right.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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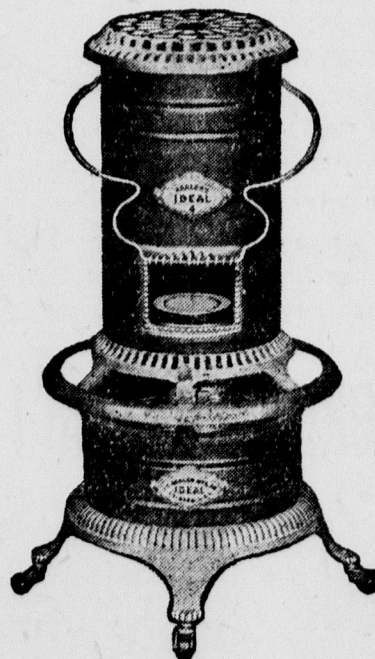
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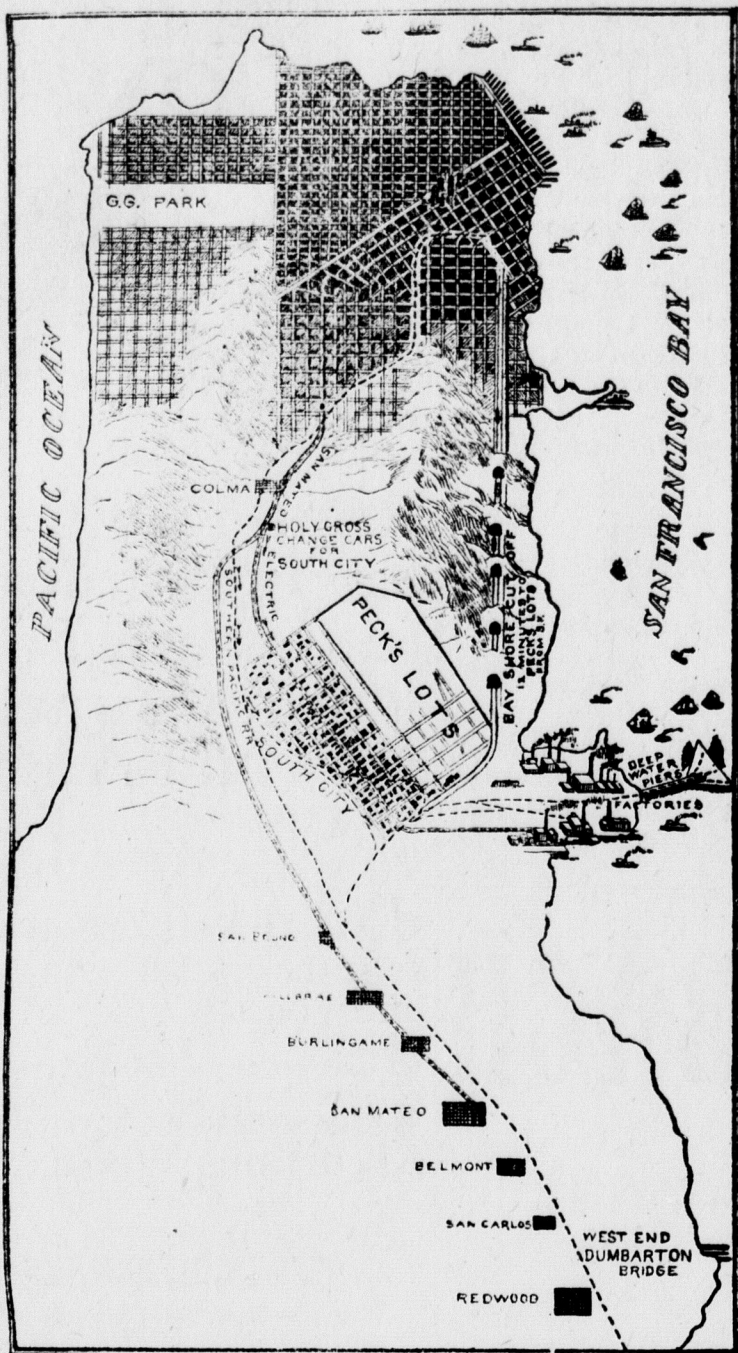
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SAN FRANCISCO

We reprint the statement of the Bank of South San Francisco, and ask our friends to read it carefully so that they may fully appreciate the commercial importance of South City.

OUR DEPOSITS.

The Deposits of this Bank have increased since August 10th, seventeen thousand dollars and are now nearly two hundred twenty-two thousand dollars. We give below a condensed statement of our business:

THE CONDITION OF THE

Bank of South San Francisco

At the close of business September 15, 1908

Resources:

Loans	\$171,233.91
Bonds	34,715.00
Furniture and Fixtures	4,000.00
Cash in Safe	18,165.25
Cash in other Banks	54,487.86

Total \$282,602.02

Liabilities:

Capital Stock	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus and undivided profits	10,695.23

Deposits:

Commercial	\$170,125.41
Savings	51,781.38

Total \$282,602.02

Whenever you buy real estate in a town that has a pay roll big enough to support a bank, of the class of South City's bank, you have made a solid investment.

SAN BRUNO ITEMS

Mr. M. Silva leaves on Monday next for Battle Mountain, Nevada.

Mrs. S. Lombardi, the dairyman's wife, is very ill.

Allan Mahoney left San Bruno last Tuesday for Portland, where he will fill a theatrical engagement.

P. Sereido has brought his bride to San Bruno, where they will reside in future.

The Las Amigas Club will give a Halloween dance on Saturday evening, October 31st, at Pioneer Hall.

Found, a key, at Tanforan Park. Owner can have same by calling on L. Petersen, grocer, and paying for this ad.

Found, fancy ribbon belt, in San Bruno. Owner can have same by calling on L. Petersen, grocer, and paying for this ad.

A large crowd attended the automobile races at Tanforan Park last Sunday. There were several motorcycle and automobile races, and some fast time was made.

There will be a lively time at the Republican primaries today in San Bruno. Many desire to go to the convention to be held in South San Francisco next Wednesday, but only five can be elected.

The San Bruno Theatorium will open next Sunday, October 4th, commencing at 7:30 p. m.; second exhibition at 9. Entire change of program every week. Adults 15 cents; children 10 cents.

The Women's Pioneer Club of San Bruno will give an old clothes confetti dance at Pioneer Hall on Saturday evening, October 24th. Huff's Orchestra is engaged. Admission 25 cents.

The Women's Improvement and Social Club of San Bruno will give a grand masquerade ball this (Saturday) evening at Town Hall. Music by Huff's Orchestra. Prizes will be given for the best sustained characters and

most original costumes. Admission, 25 cents.

The drill team of Huntington Circle, No. 693, Women of Woodcraft, of San Bruno, will give a Snowball party at Town Hall, next Saturday evening, October 3d. There will be a fancy drill by the team. Go and see something new in San Bruno. A four-piece orchestra will furnish the music. Admission, 25 cents.

COUNTY HAPPENINGS.

H. B. Morey and Geo. W. Lovie have returned to Menlo Park from Siskiyou county to which place they went last week.

The Burlingame city trustees are considering the advisability of bonding their city for the purpose of raising funds for various improvements.

Superintendent of Schools R. W. Cloud, accompanied by his wife, has gone to Lake Tahoe to attend the annual convention of county superintendents of this State.

The many friends of J. D. Kerr, of San Mateo will be glad to learn that he is gradually recovering from a paralytic stroke, and if no unforeseen contingencies intervene will be able to attend to business very shortly.

Tax Collector McCracken received a telegram Saturday informing him that his father had died in Toronto, Canada. Mr. McCracken left for his former home Sunday morning and expects to be gone about two weeks. A leave of absence was granted him by the Supervisors Monday.

Still further signs of activity on the peninsula have been given within the last fortnight by the Southern Pacific Company, which during that time has had a corps of six surveyors at work laying out a route along the marsh land east of Redwood City. The men will give no information as to their work. The surveyors are locating a line which will connect Dumbarton bridge with South San Francisco. With the construction of the Dumbarton-South San Francisco cutoff, Oakland will lose much of its importance

as a freight terminal point, and the use of freight barges for transporting goods across the bay will be reduced to a minimum.

Wm. H. McClure, Jr., of Canyon City, Colorado, committed suicide Tuesday in the Carolan grounds at Burlingame by swallowing a dose of cyanide of potassium. He left letters to his sisters residing in various parts of the country, in one of which appeared a hint that troubles with his wife was the cause of the deed. He was well dressed, about 32 years of age, and had \$8.25 in coin in his pockets. Deputy Coroner McCarthy took charge of the body and is awaiting advices from the relatives as to its disposition.

Do a little side work for The Enterprise, and earn some easy money. See ad. on page 5.

COCKRAN ON TAFT.

There is a remarkable unanimity of opinion of Judge Taft in all parties and in all sections. Men pay tribute to his remarkable ability even where party politics may exert such an influence as to demand the espousing of the rival presidential candidate's cause. As an illustration, W. Bourke Cockran in an interview at Boston the other day said: "Yes, I shall support Bryan; he is the best candidate the Democrats could put up. Taft, however, is the greatest and best qualified nominee ever offered in any Republic in the world. He is a greater man than Roosevelt, and when surrounded by the same environments that made Roosevelt great will prove a bigger man. Taft is a wonderful administrator, the greatest the country ever seen and is a wonderful worker."

Found.—A young Dane dog, dark colored. Owner apply to Judge A. McSweeney, describe the dog and pay charges.

Our Fall Waists are now here and they are beauties. 75 cents up.

W. C. Schneider, 227 Grand Ave.*

AN AMERICAN HERO.

He Used His Own Body to Stop a Leak in a Ferryboat.

One morning in January, when the ice in the Hudson river ran unusually heavy, a Hoboken ferryboat slowly crunched her way through the floating floes until the thickness of the pack choked her paddles in midriver. It was an early morning trip, and the decks were crowded with laboring men and the driveways choked with teams. The women and children standing inside the cabins were a solid mass up to the swinging doors. While she was gathering strength for a further effort an ocean tug sheered to avoid her, veered a point and crashed into her side, cutting her below the water line in a great V shaped gash. A moment more and the disabled boat careened from the shock and fell over on her beam, helpless. Into the V shaped gash the water poured a torrent. It seemed but a question of minutes before she would lunge headlong below the ice.

Within 200 yards of both boats and free of the heavy ice steamed the wrecking tug Reliance of the Off-shore Wrecking company, and on her deck forward stood Captain Scott. When the ocean tug reversed her engines after the collision and backed clear of the shattered wheelhouse of the ferryboat he sprang forward, stooped down, ran his eye along the water line, noted in a flash every shattered plank, climbed into the pilothouse of his own boat and before the astonished pilot could catch his breath pushed the nose of the Reliance along the rail of the ferryboat and dropped upon the latter's deck like a cat.

With a threat to throw overboard any man who stirred he dropped into the engine room, met the engineer halfway up the ladder, compelled him to return, dragged the mattresses from the crew's bunks, stripped off blankets and snatched up clothes, overalls, cotton waste and rags of carpet, cramming them into the great rent left by the tug's cutwater.

It was useless. Little by little the water gained, bursting out first below, then on one side, only to be calked out again and only to rush in once more.

Captain Scott stood a moment as if undecided, ran his eye searchingly over the engine room, saw that for his needs it was empty, then deliberately tore down the top wall calking he had so carefully built up and before the engineer could protest forced his own

body into the gap, with his arm outstretched level with the drifting ice.

An hour later the disabled ferryboat, with every soul on board, was towed into the Hoboken slip.

When they lifted the captain from the wreck he was unconscious and barely alive. The water had frozen his blood, and the floating ice had torn the flesh from his protruding arm from shoulder to wrist. When the color began to creep back to his cheeks he opened his eyes and said to the doctor who was winding the bandages: "Wuz any of them babies hurt?"

A month passed before he regained his strength and another week before the arm had healed so that he could get his coat on. Then he went back to the Reliance.—Everybody's Magazine.

A Lesson In Patience.

When the eminent botanist, Professor Aitman of Glasgow, was a small boy, he had the present of a silver bit, whereupon his mother was so worried with questions as to what he should do with it that she exclaimed, "Really, you had better go to Thomas Elliot's (a well known pharmacist) and buy sixpence worth of patience."

Down the street marched the lad and demanded of the chemist, "Mr. Elliot, please give me sixpence worth of patience."

Mr. Elliot, taking in the situation at a glance, said: "Certainly, my boy; there's a chair. Just sit down and wait till you get it."

Professor Aitman's endeavor to purchase patience was a great success. It made a deep impression on the lad and was one of the factors of his success in life.

Outreasoning Reason.

Little Raymond's mother had told him that she should put him to bed if he disobeyed her command in a certain matter. Temptation overcame him, and when his mother proceeded to fulfill her duty sobs of anguish filled the room.

"But, Raymond," said the mother gently, "I told you I should punish you in this way if you disobeyed, and mother must keep her word, you know."

Between muffled sobs Raymond managed to say, "You needn't break your word, mamma, but couldn't you change your mind?"—Woman's Home Companion.

The best part of beauty is that which no picture can express.—Bacon.